THE PLANET

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29 1900

THE WINSTON BABY.

Saved from a Terrible Fate by Its Sensible Grandparents.

The Old Folks Didn't Believe in the New Book Science of Rearing Children and Knocked Out a Lot of Silly Rules.

The Winston baby is being brought up according to the newest ideas in child study. Mrs. Winston is young but firm, and she says that her child is to have all the advantages of the new science. The baby has been bathed, fed and put to sleep on schedule time. No friends have been allowed to kiss or fondle it, says the Chicago News, and the plan was working beautifully until Mrs. Winston's father and mother came to visit her.

The visit was paid primarily to see the new grandchild. As soon as they entered the house Mr. and Mrs. Cudbright demanded the baby. Mrs. Winston raised her eyebrows. "Baby is just being fed," she said. "You must wait until 2:30."

Her father had heard of her system, but he laughed and said: "Oh, break through the rules for once and bring her down."

"If you don't, I'll go over the house till I find her," the grandmother said, firmly. Winston smiled.

So the baby was brought down to see them, although this was a direct infraction of rule 16. It is a beautiful baby, and its grandparents started toward it with cries of rapture.

"Oo little sweet Tootsey—tome to oor grammuvver," said Mrs. Cudbright.

"We don't talk baby talk—it is against rule 27," Mrs. Winston said. "It is irrational to expect a child to learn to speak correctly when you talk gibberish to it."

Meanwhile the grandfather had taken the baby from the reluctant arms of the nurse. Mrs. Winston turned to him. "Father, I don't allow anybody but the nurse and myself to hold

"OO LITTLE SWEET TOOTSEY!"

baby. It makes him nervous and it is against rule 9."

She attempted to take the baby from his hold, but he resisted. "Oh, see here, Laura, your mother and I raised eight children, and I guess I know how to hold a baby at my time of life." He tucked the baby into the crotch of his arm and walked away, singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

His daughter followed him. "Father, I will not allow you to walk the floor with the child. We have never done it. It is against rule 7, and singing to it is against rule 13. What will become of our regimen if you act this way?"

"Oh, blank your regimen, Laura."

Mrs. Cudbright interfered. "Now, don't get mad," she said. "Laura has a right to bring up her own child in her own way. Now you give me that child and I'll sit down on the sofa with it."

"That's against rule 1,989," her husband replied, grimly, but he handed over the baby. Mrs. Cudbright had hardly closed her arms about it before she said: "Why, the child is getting the colic! Father, you go to my little satchel and get the peppermint bottle and run into the kitchen and get a mite of hot water and sugar."

Her daughter had been talking in the alcove with her husband, but now she returned at the word peppermint. "Why, Mother Cudbright, would you give that baby peppermint?"

"Of course," the grandmother said, trotting the baby on her knee. "You drank quarts of it before you were a year old."

Mr. Cudbright was delving in the small satchel. "Why, here's paregoric—that's better yet," he said ringing out a bottle.

"You shan't give the baby that!" Mrs. Winston cried. "And, mother, it's against rule 21 to trot her on your knee. The nurse will take her upstairs. It's better to have a little colic than to give her drugs. I never do it."

Mrs. Cudbright straightened up and Mr. Cudbright set the paregoric bottle down on a marquetry table. "Laura," he said, "you're the most inhuman—"

"Father! Father!" Mrs. Cudbright put in. Mr. Winston looked expectant.

"You are the most inhuman and unnatural mother I ever knew. Your mother and I raised eight children—and you were one of them—and they all turned out well but you. Now, if me'n your mother aren't going to be allowed to look at that child or touch her for fear we'll break rule 78,654 we're going to leave Chicago on the next train. Even grandparents have some rights."

Mrs. Winston broke down and wept. She said that if her father and mother would only stay she would suspend the rules until their departure.

Winston gave his father-in-law a glance of the most poignant gratitude. Mr. Cudbright took the baby from his wife and hung it over his arm in the old-fashioned way. "Mother," he said "I guess you'd better show Laura how to mix peppermint and paregoric—it's time she learned."

IN VARIOUS PLACES.

It is a curious fact that the identical gun-carriage invented by Capt. Percy Scott, to take the 4.7 gun of her majesty's ship Terrible to Ladysmith, was used again to take it to Tientsin. The naval "pet" silenced Gen. Nieh's big Krupp gun at the fourth shot.

On examining some of the alleged poisonous bullets brought home by Sir W. MacCormac, which the Boers were reported to have used, it was found that the charge was totally untrue. The green coating complained of was not verdigris, but a comparatively harmless product of the reaction of the metallic casing of the cartridge upon a wax coating used to prevent damp and rust.

A much-needed reform has been accomplished in St. Louis. Heretofore the streets have been covered in summer with mud, caused by a too-generous sprinkling service. A measure has been passed by the city council requiring that sprinkling shall be performed by a perforated pipe device, while sprinkling carts will make but two trips a day instead of deluging the streets four times daily.

Horsemen have discovered that while the bicycle and trolley car, as well as the automobile, have decreased the demand for horses, it is only for the common grades; fine bred animals are still bringing the usual high prices. This means that the common variety of horses is doomed to extinction. It will not pay to raise horses to sell at ten dollars a head, and consequently they will not be raised. Another feature is that the fine bred horses will increase in number until they can be sold at reasonable figures.

Mr. R. E. Foster, of Oxford university, scored 100 or over in both innings of the recent cricket match between Gentlemen and Players, being the first time that the feat has been accomplished in that match. He had previously scored two centuries in one match this year, and the repetition of the feat in one year in first-class cricket is a record for England. Last year he also made two centuries in successive innings—so that at 22 and in two years' play he has three double centuries to his credit, a record approached only by Dr. W. G. Grace, who has also made centuries in both innings three times, but in a cricket career covering 20 years.

WHAT UNCLE EB. SAYS.

From "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller.

When some folks call ye a fool 's a ruther good sign ye ain't.

Ef Balaam s ass hed been rode by a woman he'd never 'a' said a word—wouldn't hev hed a chance.

Fact is a man he can be enny kin' uv a beast, but a panther he can't be nuthin' but just a panther.

Folks like fun. I kin' o' b'lieve 'et when God's gin a thing t' ev'rybody he thinks purty middlin' well uv it.

Never lied 'n a hoss trade er ketched a fish bigger'n 'twas, er swore 'less 'twas ne'sary, er cheated anybody but Eben Holden.

Kind o' resky business buyin' hosses. Got t' jedge the owner as well as the hoss. If there's any thing the matter with his conscience it'll come out in the hoss somewhere—every time. Never knew a mean man t' own a good hoss. 's a lame soul thet drives a limpin' hoss.

Nobody'll die in Heaven 'less he'd oughter. To my way o' thinkin' it'll be a good deal like Dave Brower's farm—nice, smooth land 'n' hills 'n' valleys 'n' wheat 'n' corn 'n' white clover a plenty. Folks sayin' "how d'y dew" stid o' "good-by," comin' stid o' goin'.

FITZ KNOCKED THEM OUT.

(Average number of rounds to a knock out, four.)

1890—Billy McCarthy in nine rounds, Arthur Upham in five rounds.

1891—Jack Dempsey in 13 rounds, Abe Conkle in two rounds, Black Pearl in four rounds.

1892—Peter Maher, in 12 rounds, James Farrell in two rounds, Joe Godfrey in one round, Jerry Slattery in two rounds, Millard Zender in one round.

1893—Jim Hall in four rounds, Phil Mayo in two rounds, Warner in one round, Jack Hickey in three rounds.

1894—Frank Zeller in two rounds, Dan Creedon in two rounds.

1895—Al Allish in three rounds.

1896—Peter Maher in one round.

1897—James J. Corbett in 14 rounds.

1899—Jeff Thorn in one round.

1900—Ed Dunkhorst in one round, Gus Ruhlin in six rounds, Tom Sharkey in two rounds. Total knockouts, 23.

MADE SOME QUEER WAGERS.

Harmon, at the Stanwix hotel, in Detroit, several years ago, bet he could hold his head submerged in a bathtub for 125 seconds without taking air. He won.

A chap named Curtis, in Berkshire county, Mass., for a wager of a horse, ran five miles in 41 minutes, and wound up the race with a jump of 11 feet 6 inches.

An Englishman named Head won $5,000 by walking 600 miles in ten days, but the exertion so used him up that he never walked much afterward, either on wagers or otherwise.—N. Y. Telegraph.

In Philadelphia some years ago a gentleman made a wager of $100 that he could jump into water eight feet deep and undress himself complete. Anyone who has ever made the attempt to remove his clothing after being thoroughly drenched to the skin, even when standing on terra firma, with plenty of room to "hop around on one leg" will at once realize the difficulty of accomplishing the feat while in the water. However, it was done in the instance noted.

A Quitter.

"What do you think Alice said?"

"I can't guess."

"She said yesterday would have been her birthday if she hadn't quit having them."—Indianapolis Journal.

WORSE THAN SODOM.

Coney Island, the Most Depraved Spot in All America.

Sodden Revelers and Hardened Slummers Rub Elbows with Hard-Working Laboring Men and Decent Shop Girls.

[Special New York Letter.]

A SWELTERING summer sun; long rows of low frame shanties; broad plank walks extending across the street from side to side; jostling crowds of men and women, red faced and hot, but smiling—the women attired in all the varying grades of the modes, from the loud, gaudy colors of the vulgar to the modest shades of the refined—red, yellow and purple, soft white and blending tints; the men dressed in the cheap outing suits of upper Broadway tailors, in flannels that shrink and wax smaller at the mere hint of a shower, in blue coats, green shirts, orange ties

IN A CONCERT HALL.

and duck trousers that smack of the pickle boat, with here and there a member of the clubs whose garments have been scissored on Fifth avenue; an incessant yowling—hoarse and horrible—from the rum-lined throats of the barkers to catch-penny side shows; a whirring of merry-go-rounds and noisy carrousels with the booming of automatic bass drums and the tinkling brass and cimbals; a beachful of abandoned bathers in legless breeches, short skirts and rainbow stockings; an odor of fried sea food and a dash of ocean breeze—that's Coney Island.

If you are sensitive, don't go there on a Sunday. But if you want to see life—life from the lower east side; from Mulberry Bend and the avenues along the East river; if you want to see the factory girl in all her glory and the young woman who calls "cash!" for six days in the week from behind a counter in one of the cheap department stores; if you want to see the Bowery boy on an outing, with a sprinkling of uptown folk, who wander over from Manhattan and Brighton beaches—put your prayerbook gently away and study from the original the noblest work of God having a good time for himself.

One hundred and twenty-five thousand people is quite a bunch of humanity to bring together in one place, but that number is only an average July and August attendance at Coney Island. They go there by boats, by steam cars and trolleys. By three o'clock Sunday afternoon the beach is lined with them. They dive and swim and cut capers in the sea. They bury themselves in the sand. They dig wells and stroll up and down in front of the bath-

ON THE BEACH AT CONEY.

ing houses. Some of the more venturesome and reckless wander through the crowded streets in their bathing costumes. In the high blare of the afternoon sun I saw a young woman sitting in front of one of the free shows and beer halls in a short flannel skirt dripping with sea water. Her arms were bare and one of her stockings had been removed. Later on, when the sputtering electric lights made bright the streets, when the concert halls emitted the dismal croakings of the so-called singers and the uncanny poundings of pianos which sounded like the beatings of tom-toms of savage races—then the thousands and thousands who had been arriving since early morning choked up these alleyways known as streets and reveled in a madness of folly to which the Saturnalian feasts of Rome would seem tame, listless and inane.

Shocked! You can hear the Sabbath bells tolling in the City of Churches. Across the big bridge are societies for the suppression of vice, for the propagation of a higher state of morals among the heathen of China, whose inhabitants have been very busy of late murdering missionaries. There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. There are organizations to raise funds to send Bibles to the shirtless Senegualese, but here in Greater New York they are dancing the couchee-couchee. They have let down the bars of common decency, and degraded men and shameless women are staggering through the iniquitous streets of a licensed sinkhole of licentiousness, beer-soaked and moral blunted.

And yet Coney Island is a great pleasure ground for the common people. In the daytime it is not so bad. On the beach one may see thousands of merry bathers. They have come out for a good time and they evidently have it. All seem to be in the best of good nature. An evidence of this was shown on the day that I was there. Suddenly, within view of the 20,000 persons who lined the beach, the life saving corps rushed to their boat at the water's edge, carrying a middle-aged man, well dressed. He struggled and kicked and shouted, but to no avail. They placed him in the boat and rowed out a distance of 150 feet or so. There they began to rock the boat until he fell into the water. They allowed him to go down twice and then started with him toward the shore. About 50 feet further they threw him overboard again, and for the third time gave him a ducking when 25 feet from land.

When the crowds saw the man's appearance they cried: "Outrage! Outrage!" thinking he had been "ducked" for mere wantonness, but when the life savers explained that he had been caught playing "Peeping Tom" at the women's dressing-rooms they hooted him off the beach.

If you enter Coney Island from one of the trolley lines your first impression is that you are in a country town during county fair week. The buildings are close together and are one and two-story frames. Surf street, which is the most respectable thoroughfare in the place, extends along the entire front of the resort and is lined with merry-go-rounds, restaurants, soda water, lemonade and peanut stands, with one or two German beer gardens and a few saloons. Running to the sea are numerous cross streets, the most important of which is called the "Bowery." There are all kinds of "fakes" at Coney Island, but the "Bowery" contains every "fake" known to man, and the guileless stranger who has a yearning for the glitter of gold bricks and a hankering to hear the clatter of the shells may be satiated to his heart's content. Why, on this street the unsophisticated may wander from end to end with gaping mouth and staring eyes. He will gaze with awe-struck

PUNISHING A PEEPING TOM.

wonder on the huge painted canvas sign of the wild man. He will listen to the plaintive cry of the roper-in who, coatless and pink-shirted, stands in front of the little den in front of which the picture of the big outstretched hand announces that the "seeress" within will read your destiny in your palm.

Just off the "Bowery" there is a circus—quite an equestrian show, with "lady" riders, ringmaster, clown and all. Across the street is an open air restaurant where one may be served with well-cooked salt water fish, crabs and lobsters. While one is eating he may hear the circus band and see the disheveled hair of the "lady" riders through the top of the tent flap. At his side the crowds are passing in an endless stream—the working girls and their escorts, perspiring and happy; the mechanic and his wife and strings of little ones; the innocent and the vicious; the ignorant and the crafty. After all, is it not but a repetition in miniature of the great world outside?

Over on the big iron pier they are playing waltz music. Couples are dancing on the 150 feet of waxed flooring. Far out from the Atlantic comes a cool, refreshing breeze. From one's seat by the railing one may see the long stretch of ocean and catch glimpses of white sails. At the next pier a steamer loaded with more people from the sun-baked city is landing. They are coming in streams from the wharf. On the other side is heard the clang of the trolley bells. They are coming by thousands by land and by sea.

The sun sinks lower and lower and passes out of view. The darkness has come and the streets of the imitation town are aglare with the torches and electric lights. The debauch has begun. The mechanic and his family have gone. Only the bolder of the shop girls are there. The scarlet woman, the criminal, the sodden reveler and the slummer alone remain.

Just beyond are the green fields of Long Island and from between the trees shine the lights of the peaceful homesteads. But there on the seashore amid the quietness of farm life is the most depraved spot in America.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

VANITY EARLY DEVELOPED.

"Your dolly looks just like you, don't she?"

"Why wouldn't she? I picked out the prettiest one I could find."—N. Y. Journal.

Philosophy of Improvidence.

"Why don't you take an example from the little busy bee?"

"I do," answered Meandering Mike. "I go around from flower to flower—that is to say, from house to house—gatherin' up de sweets of life. But I'm altogedder too wise to hunt up a hive an' go filling it full o' de fruits o' me labor, so dat some udder feller kin come along an' rob it whenever he happens to feel de need o' honey."—Washington Star.

A Girl to Avoid.

Emeline—I had to drop my correspondence with Clementine.

Emeline—Wasn't she a true friend?

Emeline—Yes; but every letter I got from her started me on some new and expensive fad.—Detroit Free Press.

Anticipation.

From To-morrow much sorrow we borrow
To add to our store of To-day;
And belief in our grief is the e'er constant thief
That steals all our comfort away.
—Puck.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

Gladys—What's dat cage on yer face fer?

Arunah—Cage? Why, ter keep out fowls, see?—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Monotony.

Miss Goodkind—How long it seems since the world's fair!

Miss Flippe—I should think it would seem long to a girl who has been engaged to one young man all that time.—Chicago Tribune.

To Reform Him.

She—No, I do not think you would make me a good husband.

He—Ah! but I'm sure you'd make me one. Please try.—Philadelphia Press.

Good as an Alarm Clock.

"Are you never afraid of burglars in your flat, Deming?"

"No, never. The baby and the parrot take turns in keeping us awake all night."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Heart Hunger.

"I verily believe Maude has found her affinity in Jack."

"Do you, indeed?"

"Yes, you so seldom see her chewing gum any more!"—Detroit Journal.

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